The match is made and all is done,
Your ſonne ſhall haue my daughter with conſent.
Tra. I thanke you ſir, where then doe you know beſt
We be affied and ſuch aſſurance tane,
As ſhall with either parts agreement ſtand.
Bap. Not in my houſe *Lucentio* for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie ſeruants,
Beſides old *Gremio* is harkning ſtill,
And happilie we may be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele paſſe the buſineſſe priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſeruant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the Scriuener preſentlie,
The worſt is this that at ſo ſlender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and ſlender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home and bid *Bianca* make her readie ſtraight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Biond. I pray the Gods ſhe may with all my heart.
Exit.
Tran. Dallie not with the Gods, but get thee gone.
Enter Peter.
Signior *Baptiſta* ſhall I leade the way,
Welcome, one meſſe is like to be your cheere,
Come ſir we will better it in *Piſa*.
Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.*
Enter Lucentio and Biondello.
Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What ſaiſt thou *Biondello*.
Biond. You ſaw my Maſter winke and laugh vpon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Biond. Faith nothing: but has left me here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his ſignes and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee moralize them.
Biond. Then thus: *Baptiſta* is ſafe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull ſonne.

Luc.

Luc. And what of him?
Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the
Luc. And then.
Bion. The old Prieſt at Saint *Lukes* Church is at
mand at all houres.
Luc. And what of all this.
Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are buſied about
ſeit aſſurance: take you aſſurance of her, *Cum preuilegio*
mendum ſolem, to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clarke
ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:
If this bee not that you looke for, I haue no more to
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.
Luc. Hear'ſt thou *Biondello*.
Biond. I cannot tarrie: I knew a wench married i
noone as ſhe went to the Garden for Parſeley to ſtuffe a
ſo may you ſir: and ſo adew ſir, my Maſter hath appo
goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Prieſt be readie to come
come with your appendix.
Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleasd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly go about her:
It ſhall go hard if *Cambio* go without her.

Enter Petruchio Kate Hortenſio.

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more towards ou
Good Lord how bright and goodly ſhines the Moone.
Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moone-ligh
Pet. I ſay it is the Moone that ſhines ſo bright.
Kate. I know it is the Sunne that ſhine, ſo bright.
Pet. Now by my mothers ſonne, and that's my ſelf
It ſhall be moone, or ſtarre, or what I liſt,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers houſe:
Goe on, and fetch our horſes backe againe
Euer more croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt,
Hort. Say as he ſaies, or we ſhall neuer goe
Kate Forward I pray, ſince we haue come ſo farr
And be it moone, or Sunne, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh Candle;
Henceforth I vowe it ſhall be ſo for me.